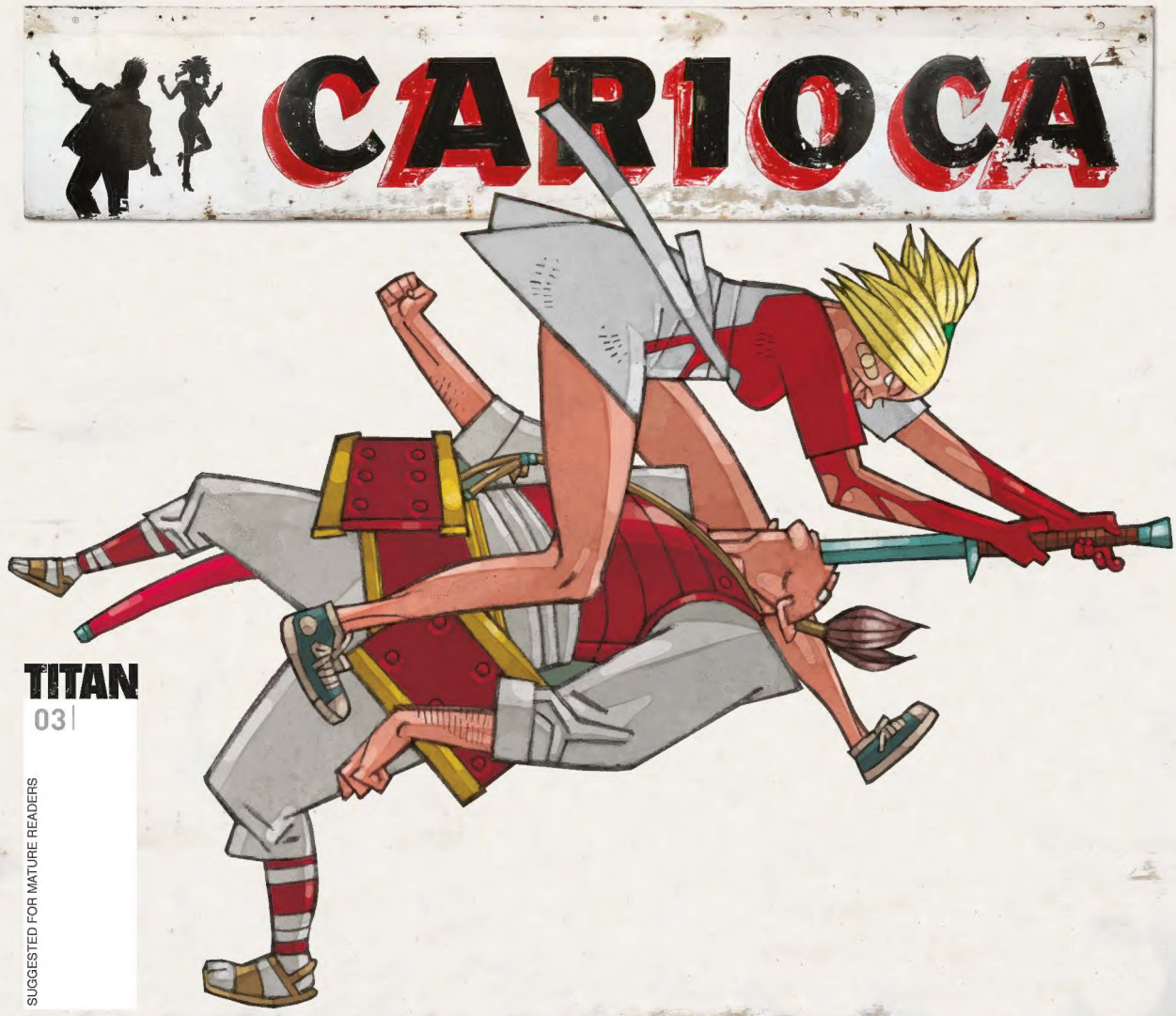
McMAHON & MARTIN

TANK GIRL



TITAN

03

SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

TANK GIRL

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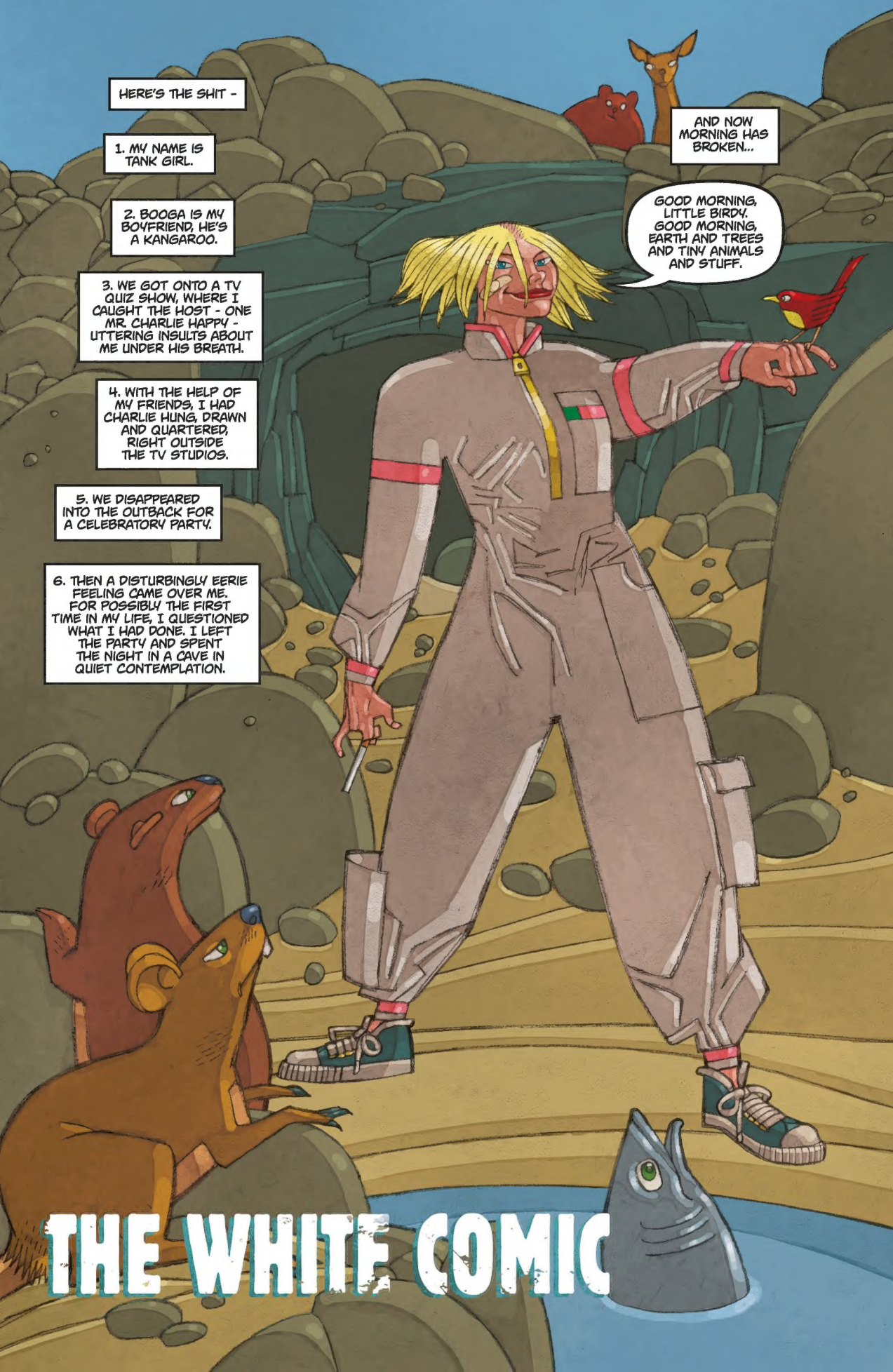
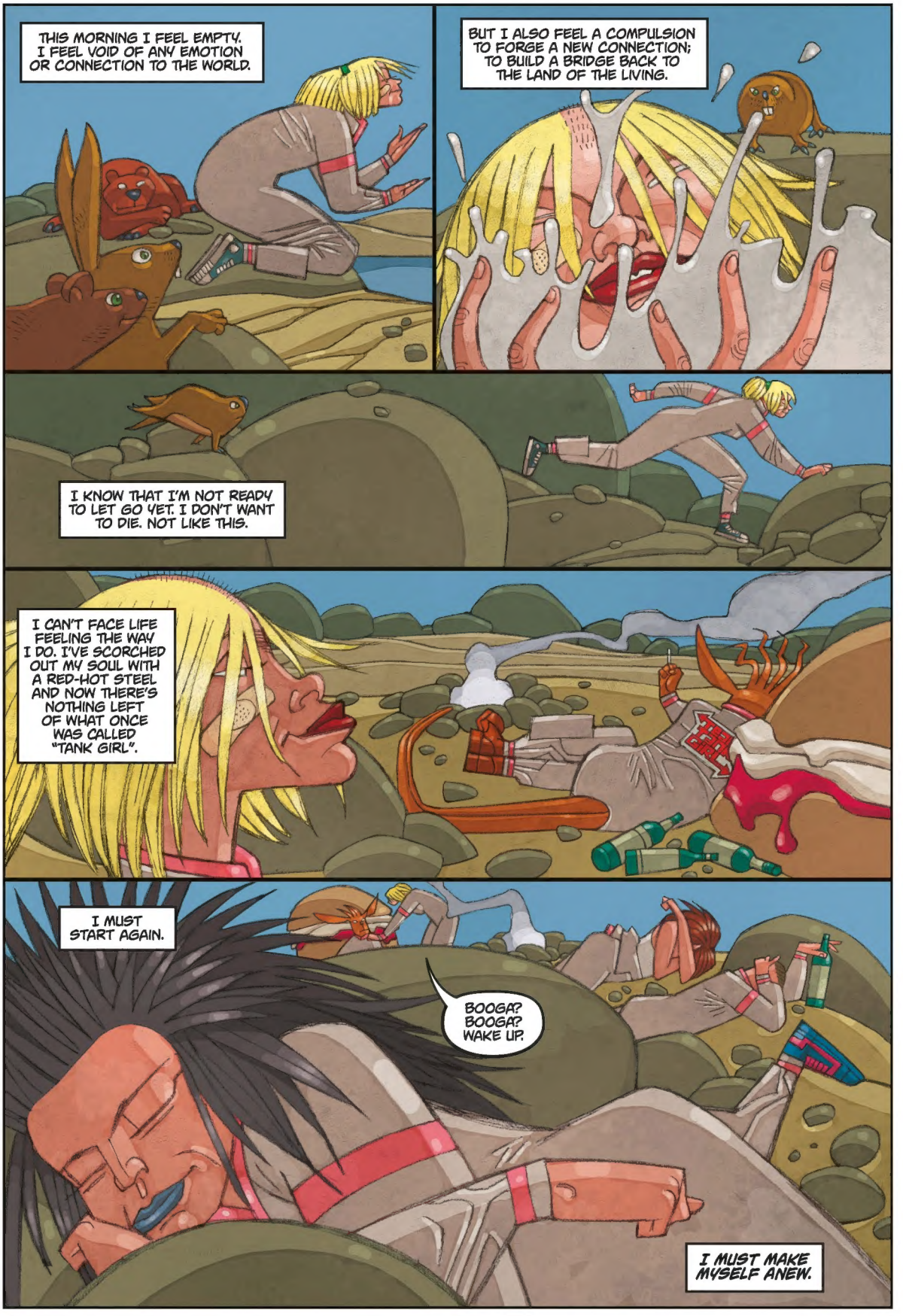
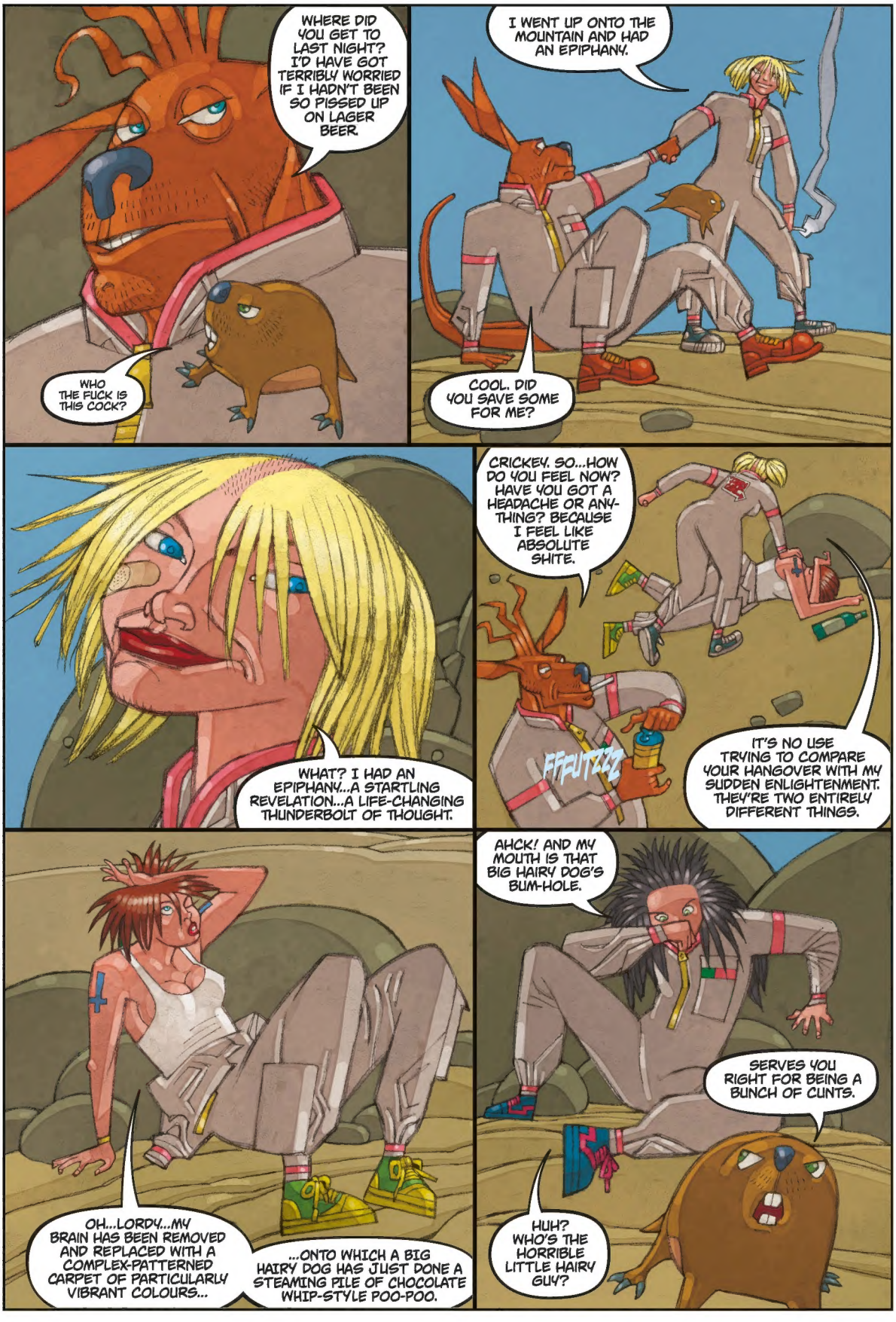
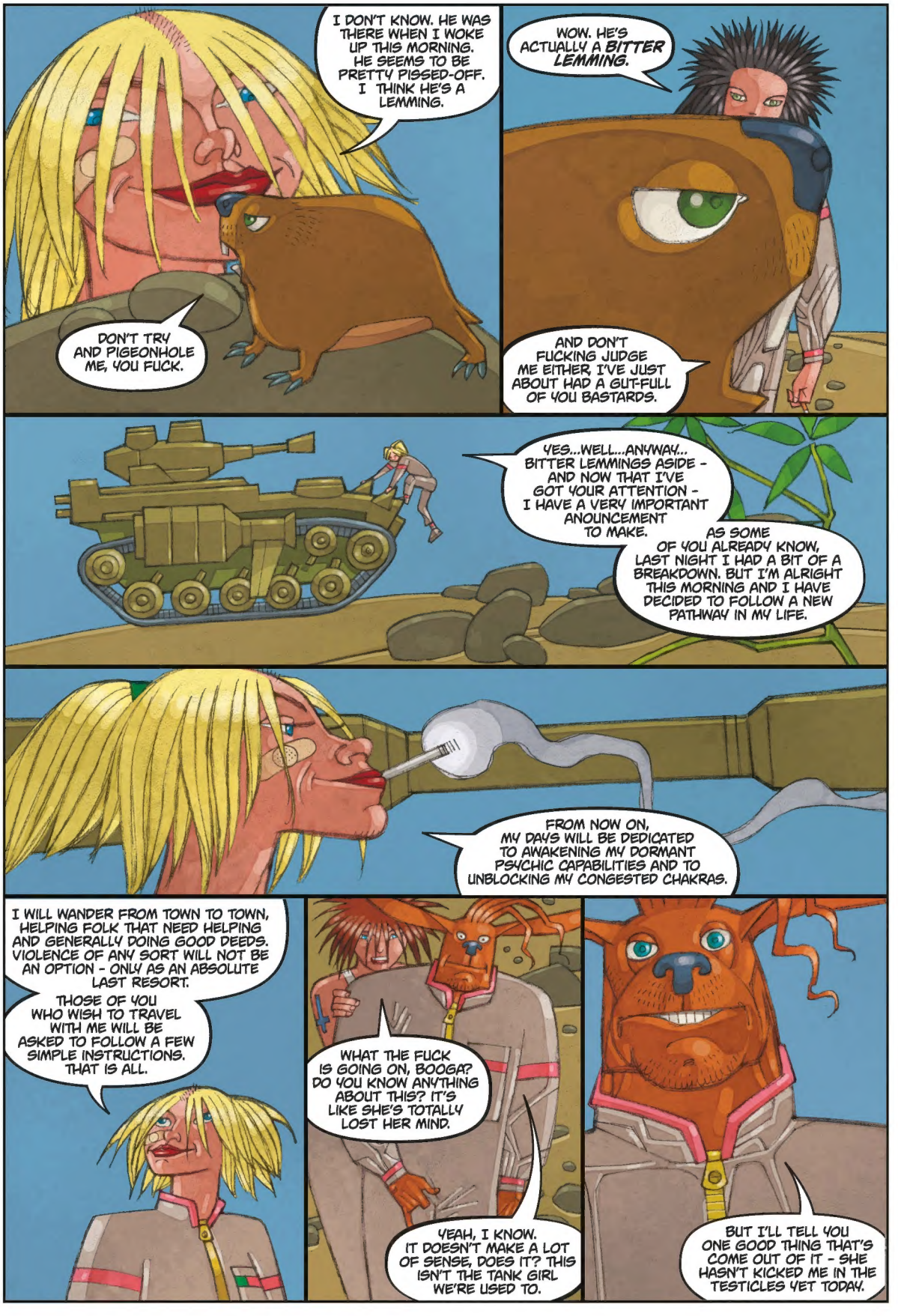
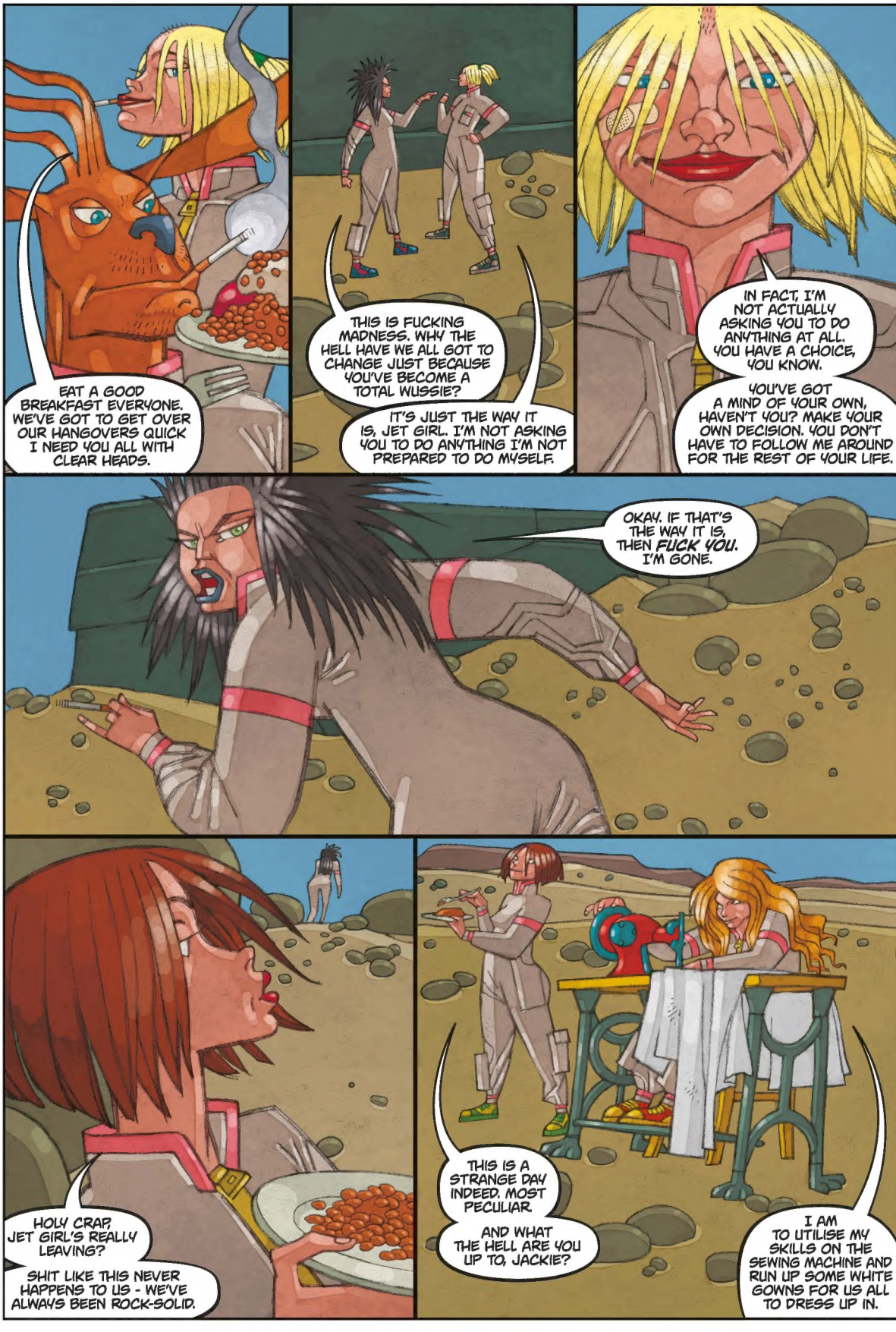
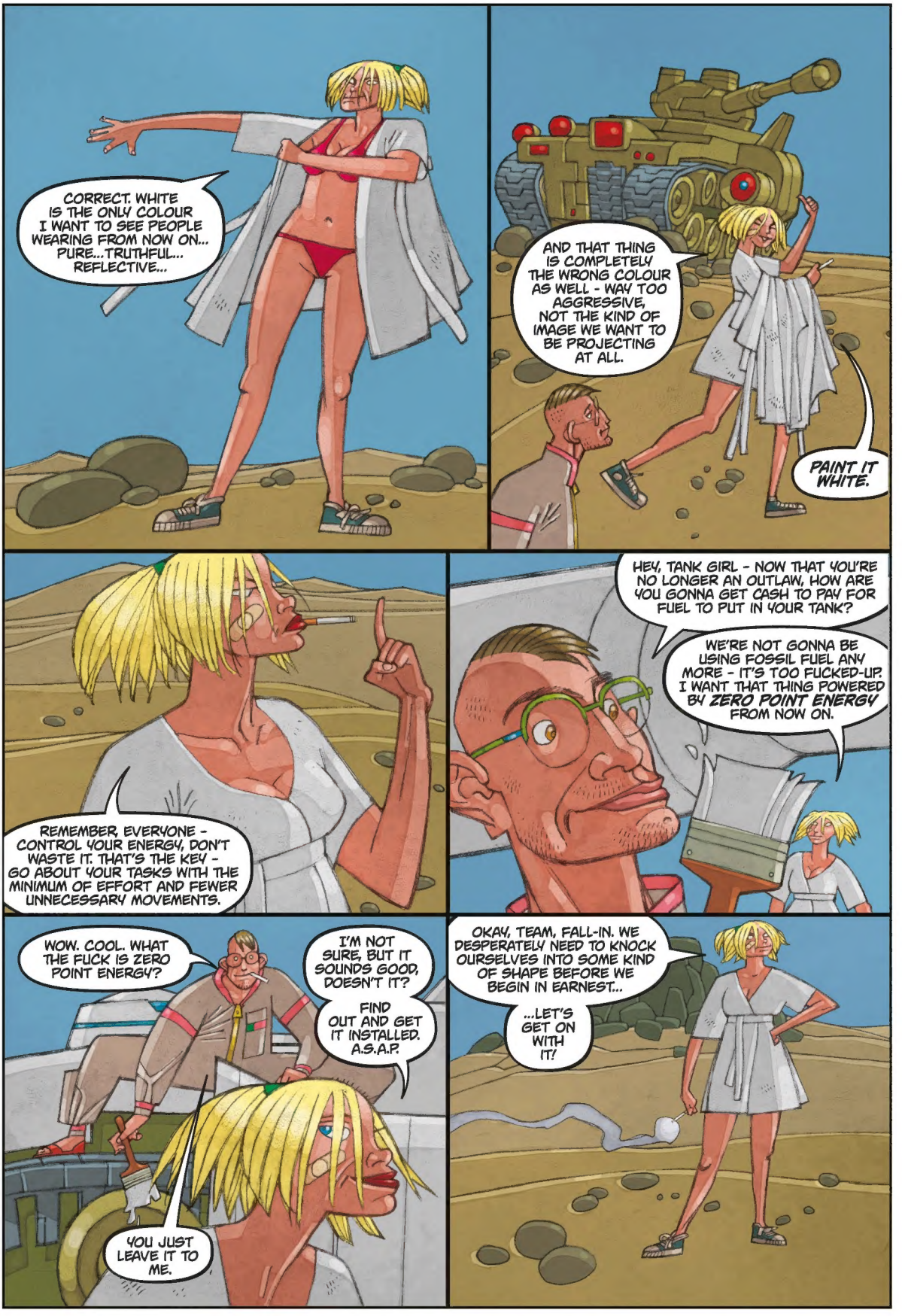

HERE'S THE SHIT -
1. MY NAME IS TANK GIRL.
2. BOOGA IS MY BOYFRIEND, HE'S A KANGAROO.
3. WE GOT ONTO A TV QUIZ SHOW, WHERE I CAUGHT THE HOST - ONE MR. CHARLIE HAPPY - UTTERING INSULTS ABOUT ME UNDER HIS BREATH.
4. WITH THE HELP OF MY FRIENDS, I HAD CHARLIE HUNG, DRAWN AND QUARTERED, RIGHT OUTSIDE THE TV STUDIOS.
5. WE DISAPPEARED INTO THE OUTBACK FOR A CELEBRATORY PARTY.
6. THEN A DISTURBINGLY EERIE FEELING CAME OVER ME. FOR POSSIBLY THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I QUESTIONED WHAT I HAD DONE. I LEFT THE PARTY AND SPENT THE NIGHT IN A CAVE IN QUIET CONTEMPLATION.
AND NOW MORNING HAS BROKEN...
GOOD MORNING, LITTLE BIRDY. GOOD MORNING, EARTH AND TREES AND TINY ANIMALS AND STUFF.
THE WHITE COMIC


THIS MORNING I FEEL EMPTY. I FEEL VOID OF ANY EMOTION OR CONNECTION TO THE WORLD.
BUT I ALSO FEEL A COMPULSION TO FORGE A NEW CONNECTION; TO BUILD A BRIDGE BACK TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING.
I KNOW THAT I'M NOT READY TO LET GO YET. I DON'T WANT TO DIE. NOT LIKE THIS.
I CAN'T FACE LIFE FEELING THE WAY I DO. I'VE SCORCHED OUT MY SOUL WITH A RED-HOT STEEL AND NOW THERE'S NOTHING LEFT OF WHAT ONCE WAS CALLED "TANK GIRL".
I MUST START AGAIN.
BOOGA? BOOGA? WAKE UP.
I MUST MAKE MYSELF ANEW.

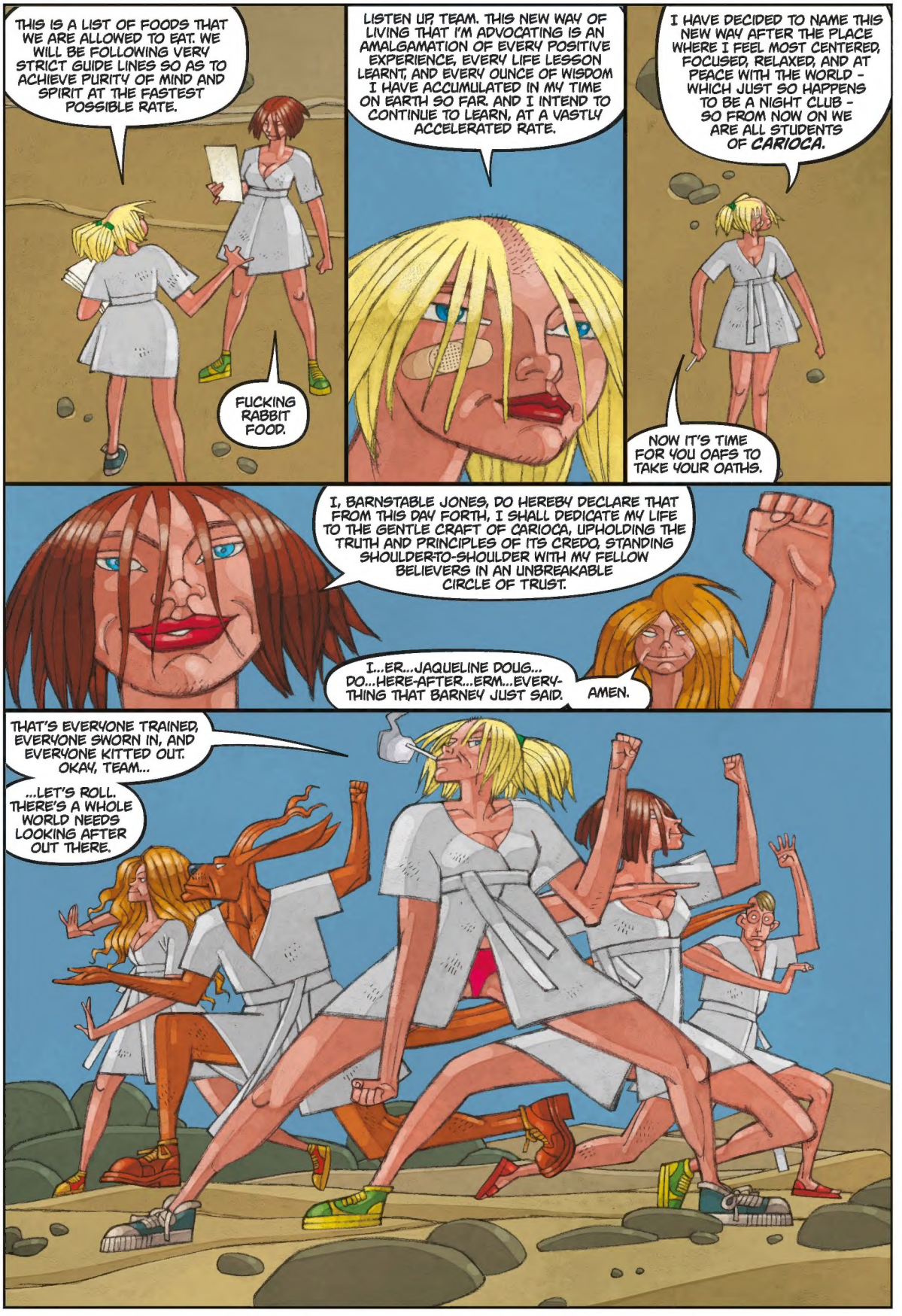

WHERE DID YOU GET TO LAST NIGHT? I'D HAVE GOT TERRIBLY WORRIED IF I HADN'T BEEN SO PISSED UP ON LAGER BEER.
WHO THE FUCK IS THIS COCK?
I WENT UP ONTO THE MOUNTAIN AND HAD AN EPIPHANY.
COOL. DID YOU SAVE SOME FOR ME?
WHAT? I HAD AN EPIPHANY...A STARTLING REVELATION...A LIFE-CHANGING THUNDERBOLT OF THOUGHT.
CRICKEY. SO...HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW? HAVE YOU GOT A HEADACHE OR ANY-THING? BECAUSE I FEEL LIKE ABSOLUTE SHITE.
FFPUTZZZ
IT'S NO USE TRYING TO COMPARE YOUR HANGOVER WITH MY SUDDEN ENLIGHTENMENT. THEY'RE TWO ENTIRELY DIFFERENT THINGS.
OH...LORDY...MY BRAIN HAS BEEN REMOVED AND REPLACED WITH A COMPLEX-PATTERNED CARPET OF PARTICULARLY VIBRANT COLOURS...
...ONTO WHICH A BIG HAIRY DOG HAS JUST DONE A STEAMING PILE OF CHOCOLATE WHIP-STYLE POO-POO.
AHCK! AND MY MOUTH IS THAT BIG HAIRY DOG'S BUM-HOLE.
SERVES YOU RIGHT FOR BEING A BUNCH OF CUNTS.
HUH? WHO'S THE HORRIBLE LITTLE HAIRY GUY?


I DON'T KNOW. HE WAS THERE WHEN I WOKE UP THIS MORNING. HE SEEMS TO BE PRETTY PISSED-OFF. I THINK HE'S A LEMMING.
DON'T TRY AND PIGEONHOLE ME, YOU FUCK.
WOW. HE'S ACTUALLY A BITTER LEMMING.
AND DON'T FUCKING JUDGE ME EITHER, I'VE JUST ABOUT HAD A GUT-FULL OF YOU BASTARDS.
YES...WELL...ANYWAY... BITTER LEMMINGS ASIDE - AND NOW THAT I'VE GOT YOUR ATTENTION - I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT ANOUNCEMENT TO MAKE.
AS SOME OF YOU ALREADY KNOW, LAST NIGHT I HAD A BIT OF A BREAKDOWN. BUT I'M ALRIGHT THIS MORNING AND I HAVE DECIDED TO FOLLOW A NEW PATHWAY IN MY LIFE.
FROM NOW ON, MY DAYS WILL BE DEDICATED TO AWAKENING MY DORMANT PSYCHIC CAPABILITIES AND TO UNBLOCKING MY CONGESTED CHAKRAS.
I WILL WANDER FROM TOWN TO TOWN, HELPING FOLK THAT NEED HELPING AND GENERALLY DOING GOOD DEEDS. VIOLENCE OF ANY SORT WILL NOT BE AN OPTION - ONLY AS AN ABSOLUTE LAST RESORT.
THOSE OF YOU WHO WISH TO TRAVEL WITH ME WILL BE ASKED TO FOLLOW A FEW SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS. THAT IS ALL.
WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON, BOOGA? DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS? IT'S LIKE SHE'S TOTALLY LOST HER MIND.
YEAH, I KNOW. IT DOESN'T MAKE A LOT OF SENSE, DOES IT? THIS ISN'T THE TANK GIRL WE'RE USED TO.
BUT I'LL TELL YOU ONE GOOD THING THAT'S COME OUT OF IT - SHE HASN'T KICKED ME IN THE TESTICLES YET TODAY.


EAT A GOOD BREAKFAST EVERYONE. WE'VE GOT TO GET OVER OUR HANGOVERS QUICK I NEED YOU ALL WITH CLEAR HEADS.
THIS IS FUCKING MADNESS. WHY THE HELL HAVE WE ALL GOT TO CHANGE JUST BECAUSE YOU'VE BECOME A TOTAL WUSSIE?
IT'S JUST THE WAY IT IS, JET GIRL. I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO DO ANYTHING I'M NOT PREPARED TO DO MYSELF.
IN FACT, I'M NOT ACTUALLY ASKING YOU TO DO ANYTHING AT ALL. YOU HAVE A CHOICE, YOU KNOW.
YOU'VE GOT A MIND OF YOUR OWN, HAVEN'T YOU? MAKE YOUR OWN DECISION. YOU DON'T HAVE TO FOLLOW ME AROUND FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.
OKAY. IF THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, THEN FUCK YOU. I'M GONE.
HOLY CRAP. JET GIRL'S REALLY LEAVING?
SHIT LIKE THIS NEVER HAPPENS TO US - WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN ROCK-SOLID.
THIS IS A STRANGE DAY INDEED. MOST PECULIAR.
AND WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU UP TO, JACKIE?
I AM TO UTILISE MY SKILLS ON THE SEWING MACHINE AND RUN UP SOME WHITE GOWNS FOR US ALL TO DRESS UP IN.


CORRECT. WHITE IS THE ONLY COLOUR I WANT TO SEE PEOPLE WEARING FROM NOW ON... PURE...TRUTHFUL... REFLECTIVE...
AND THAT THING IS COMPLETELY THE WRONG COLOUR AS WELL - WAY TOO AGGRESSIVE, NOT THE KIND OF IMAGE WE WANT TO BE PROJECTING AT ALL.
PAINT IT WHITE.
REMEMBER, EVERYONE - CONTROL YOUR ENERGY, DON'T WASTE IT. THAT'S THE KEY - GO ABOUT YOUR TASKS WITH THE MINIMUM OF EFFORT AND FEWER UNNECESSARY MOVEMENTS.
HEY, TANK GIRL - NOW THAT YOU'RE NO LONGER AN OUTLAW, HOW ARE YOU GONNA GET CASH TO PAY FOR FUEL TO PUT IN YOUR TANK?
WE'RE NOT GONNA BE USING FOSSIL FUEL ANY MORE - IT'S TOO FUCKED-UP. I WANT THAT THING POWERED BY ZERO POINT ENERGY FROM NOW ON.
WOW. COOL. WHAT THE FUCK IS ZERO POINT ENERGY?
I'M NOT SURE, BUT IT SOUNDS GOOD, DOESN'T IT?
FIND OUT AND GET IT INSTALLED. A.S.A.P.
YOU JUST LEAVE IT TO ME.
OKAY, TEAM, FALL-IN. WE DESPERATELY NEED TO KNOCK OURSELVES INTO SOME KIND OF SHAPE BEFORE WE BEGIN IN EARNEST...
...LET'S GET ON WITH IT!

LOOK AT ME! I'M LEWIS COLLINS!
FUCKIN' JOAN COLLINS.
OH BALLS... ERM...HELP.. ANYBODY?
OOOWCH!
CRACKRH!
HOMERUN!
GREAT STUFF, EVERYONE! FANTASTIC! THIS IS WHAT WE WANT! KEEP IT UP!


THIS IS A LIST OF FOODS THAT WE ARE ALLOWED TO EAT. WE WILL BE FOLLOWING VERY STRICT GUIDE LINES SO AS TO ACHIEVE PURITY OF MIND AND SPIRIT AT THE FASTEST POSSIBLE RATE.
FUCKING RABBIT FOOD.
LISTEN UP, TEAM. THIS NEW WAY OF LIVING THAT I'M ADVOCATING IS AN AMALGAMATION OF EVERY POSITIVE EXPERIENCE, EVERY LIFE LESSON LEARNT, AND EVERY OUNCE OF WISDOM I HAVE ACCUMULATED IN MY TIME ON EARTH SO FAR. AND I INTEND TO CONTINUE TO LEARN, AT A VASTLY ACCELERATED RATE.
I HAVE DECIDED TO NAME THIS NEW WAY AFTER THE PLACE WHERE I FEEL MOST CENTERED, FOCUSED, RELAXED, AND AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD – WHICH JUST SO HAPPENS TO BE A NIGHT CLUB – SO FROM NOW ON WE ARE ALL STUDENTS OF CARIOCA.
NOW IT'S TIME FOR YOU OAFS TO TAKE YOUR OATHS.
I, BARNSTABLE JONES, DO HEREBY DECLARE THAT FROM THIS DAY FORTH, I SHALL DEDICATE MY LIFE TO THE GENTLE CRAFT OF CARIOCA, UPHOLDING THE TRUTH AND PRINCIPLES OF ITS CREDO, STANDING SHOULDER-TO-SHOULDER WITH MY FELLOW BELIEVERS IN AN UNBREAKABLE CIRCLE OF TRUST.
I...ER...JAQUELINE DOUG... DO...HERE-AFTER...ERM...EVERY-THING THAT BARNEY JUST SAID.
AMEN.
THAT'S EVERYONE TRAINED, EVERYONE SWORN IN, AND EVERYONE KITTED OUT. OKAY, TEAM...
...LET'S ROLL. THERE'S A WHOLE WORLD NEEDS LOOKING AFTER OUT THERE.

WOW. THIS IS SO BRILLIANT... OUR VERY OWN RELIGION! WHEN I WOKE UP THIS MORNING, I THOUGHT THAT ALL THE DAY HAD TO OFFER WAS A FLAT CAN OF LAGER AND A GIANT SLICE OF STALE JAM SPONGE, BUT CHECK US OUT NOW! WE'RE SO FUCKING COOL!
SOMEONE COMING UP AHEAD...LOOKS LIKE A FRAIL OLD MAN AND HIS ELDERLY WIFE. MAYBE WE CAN HELP?
I AM JUST A FRAIL OLD MAN. THIS IS MY ELDERLY WIFE. WE HAVEN'T EATEN IN DAYS, NOR SEEN ANOTHER SOUL FOR WEEKS. CAN YOU HELP?
OF COURSE! WE ARE BUT SIMPLE BEGGARS TOO, TRAVELLING THE LAND IN SEARCH OF GOOD DEADS TO DO.
LET 'EM FUCKING STARVE. NO ONE EVER HELPED ME OUT WHEN I WAS DOWN ON MY LUCK. CUNTS.
RIGHT, YOU BASTARDS!
HUH?!
YOU SHOULD'VE LISTENED TO THE RAT. NOW I'M GONNA TAKE YOU FOR EVERY PENNY YOU'VE GOT!
NEXT PERSON TO CALL ME A RAT GETS IT IN THE BALL-BAG.

SHIT! IT'S HIGHWAY ROBBERY!
STAND ASIDE, BOOGA, NO NEED FOR ANY ANGER HERE.
UH...WHAT THE...
HUH? WHA'HAPPENED?!

OH MY GOD. THAT'S GOT TO BE THE COOLEST THING I'VE EVER, EVER SEEN.
EVER.
YOU THINK THAT'S IMPRESSIVE, HUH? WELL CHECK THIS OUT, HONEY BOTTOM.
AWCH!
TAKE THAT, YOU TERRIBLE PERSON!
THINK YOU CAN FOOL A STUDENT OF CARIOCA WITH A CRAPPY DISGUISE LIKE THAT, HUH?
OUFF! OUFF! OUFFAH!!
BOOGA, YOU FOOL, YOU'VE NEARLY KILLED HER!
THEN JUSTICE IS SERVED.
BUT...OH NO...LOOK! SHE REALLY IS AN OLD WOMAN. YOU'VE BEATEN THE SHIT OUT OF A SEVENTY YEAR-OLD GRANNY!
ACTUALLY SHE'S NINETY-TWO. SHE'S IN VERY GOOD CONDITION FOR HER AGE.
AT LEAST, SHE WAS.

AND SHE'S REALLY MY MOTHER. I THINK WE'D BETTER GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE. WE WEREN'T PLANNING ON COMING UP AGAINST SUCH A POWERFUL FORCE AS YOU GUYS.
COME ON, MOTHER. IT'S TIME TO GO BACK TO THE HOVEL FOR YOUR GRUEL.
WHY DON'T YOU STAY?
I MEAN, WHY DON'T YOU JOIN US? WE NEED TO SWELL OUR RANKS WITH CAPABLE MEN. AND AS FOR YOUR MOTHER, I THINK I CAN HELP HER TO BECOME STRONG AGAIN. POSSIBLY STRONGER THAN SHE'S EVER BEEN BEFORE.
FOR REAL? YOU'D REALLY HAVE US?
IF YOU'RE WILLING TO LIVE BY THE LAWS OF CARIOCA, THEN YOU CAN TRAVEL AND EAT WITH US FOR AS LONG AS YOU LIKE.
WELL, HELL YEAH! CARIOCA-PIDDLEY-POKER!
I'LL DO ANYTHING FOR A HOT SAUSAGE SANDWICH AND A TENT OVER MY HEAD!
KEEP IN MIND THAT ALL CARIOCA DISCIPLES ARE STRICT VEGETARIANS.
I'LL DO ANYTHING FOR A HOT VEGGIE-SAUSAGE SANDWICH AND A TENT OVER MY HEAD!
TELL THEM TO FUCK OFF.

THAT'S RIGHT, BOOGA, GET HER UP THERE. YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF THAT OLD LADY FROM NOW ON - ANYTHING HAPPENS TO HER AND YOU'RE THE ONE THAT WILL ANSWER FOR IT.
THIS IS OUR HOME TOWN COMING UP. THE PEOPLE HERE ARE VERY FRIENDLY, THEY'LL BE GLAD TO SEE SOME NEW FACES.
WHAT A SHIT-HOLE. WHAT'S THE NAME OF THIS PLACE?
DUNGTOWN...
...IN THE OLD TIMES THE TOWNSFOLK USED TO PRODUCE CATTLE DUNG TO SELL AS FERTILIZER. THESE DAYS WE JUST WALLOW IN THE HOPELESSNESS OF OUR OWN SELF-PERPETUATING SHIT.
GREETINGS! GREETINGS EVERYBODY! COME...BE LIKE US... HAVE SOME FLOWERS... GROW YOUR HAIR LONG... SPREAD YOUR LOVE AROUND...
...GET YOUR BUM OUT AND WAVE IT ABOUT A BIT.
BUT WHO ARE THEY? WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?
I DON'T KNOW... MAYBE THEY'VE COME TO SORT OUT OUR TROUBLES?
THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE! I WANT TO BE JUST LIKE THEM. CAN I, MOMMY? PLEASE?
PEOPLE! PEOPLE! LISTEN TO ME! WE ARE LOWLY TRAVELLERS, DRIFTING FROM PLACE TO PLACE. WE ASK ONLY THAT WE BE ALLOWED TO CAMP HERE FOR THE NIGHT AND SHARE WHAT LITTLE WE HAVE WITH YOU.
AND PERHAPS SOME OF YOU WOULD LIKE TO HEAR THE TALE OF HOW WE CAME TO BE PASSING THROUGH HERE.
AH, LOVELY. JUST WHAT WE NEEDED. SOMEONE TO HELP SAVE OUR SORRY ARSES.

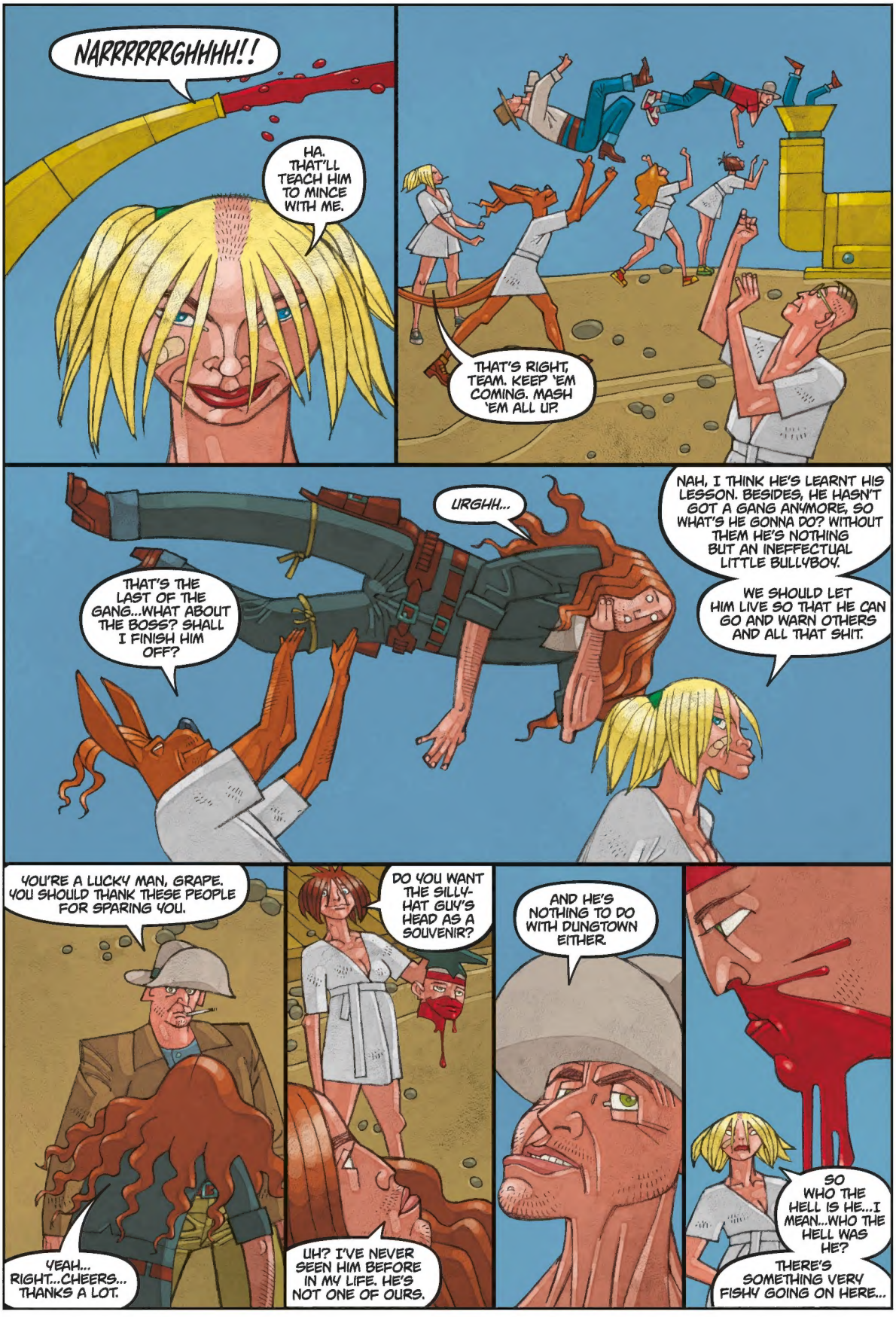
RESIDENTS OF DUNGTOWN, AS YOUR SHERIFF AND PROTECTOR I WOULD LIKE TO PROPOSE THAT WE WELCOME OUR NEW-FOUND FRIENDS WITH ONE OF OUR VERY SPECIAL FESTIVAL PARTY NIGHTS!
YAY!
THINGS HAVE BEEN PRETTY TOUGH AROUND THESE PARTS LATELY; YIELDS ARE POOR, MARAUDERS ARE RIFE, MORALE IS LOW.
I KINDA GET THE FEELING THAT YOU GUYS TURNING UP IS A GOOD OMEN FOR US. YOU'RE LIKE A COOL, FRESH BREEZE BLOWING AWAY A SHITTY OLD SMELL.
WHY THANK YOU, MR. SHERIFF. WE'RE JUST DOING WHAT WE DO.
AND YOU DO IT REAL WELL.
WHAT A LOVELY SPREAD. WOULD EITHER OF YOU YOUNG LADIES LIKE A HOT, BUTTERY COB?
WOW! LOOK AT ALL THIS HOMEMADE POP - THERE'S MOONSHINE, SOUR-MASH WISKEY, APPLE BRANDY, AND SLOE GIN. A GIRL COULD GET A BIT TIDDLEY IF SHE DIDN'T LOOK OUT!
ISN'T THIS STUFF MEANT TO BE OFF THE MENU FOR US?

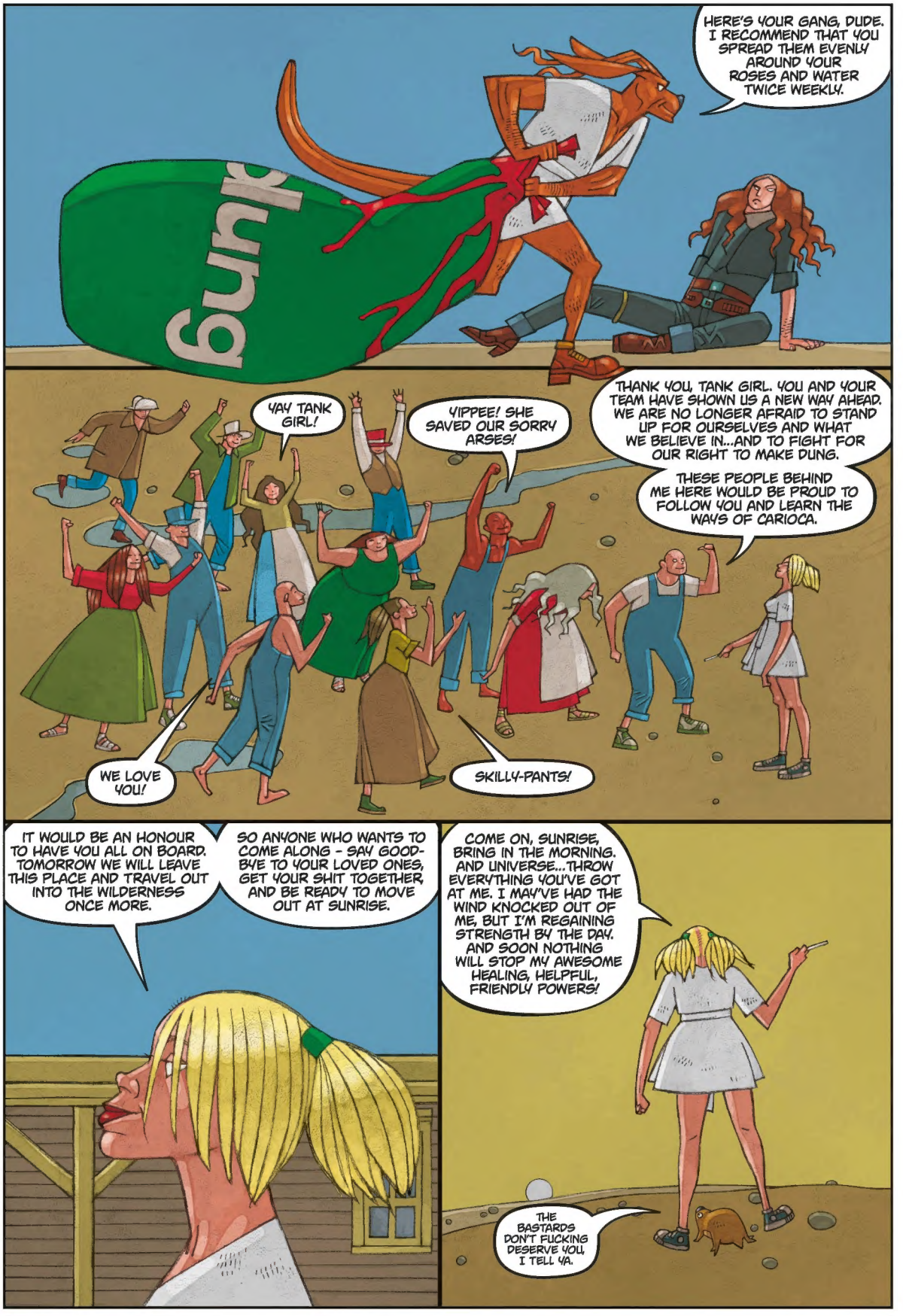
CHEERS!
CHEERS AND LOVELY!
WHAT THE FUCK?!
BLAM-CHINK-STISH!
SO... DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION?
OH SHIT! IT'S MICHAEL "GRAPE" SKINNER AND HIS EVIL GANG, THE ARSE BANDITS!
WOW. ARE THEY REALLY ALL ARSE BANDITS?
NO, THEY'RE JUST A BIT ARSEY.
BUT THEY ARE HERE TO STEAL OUR SUPPLIES AND RAPE ALL OUR WOMENFOLK, NONE-THE-LESS!
NOW THEN, SHERIFF...PEEL ME A GRAPE.
AND BRING THAT THERE CHICK OVER TO ME.

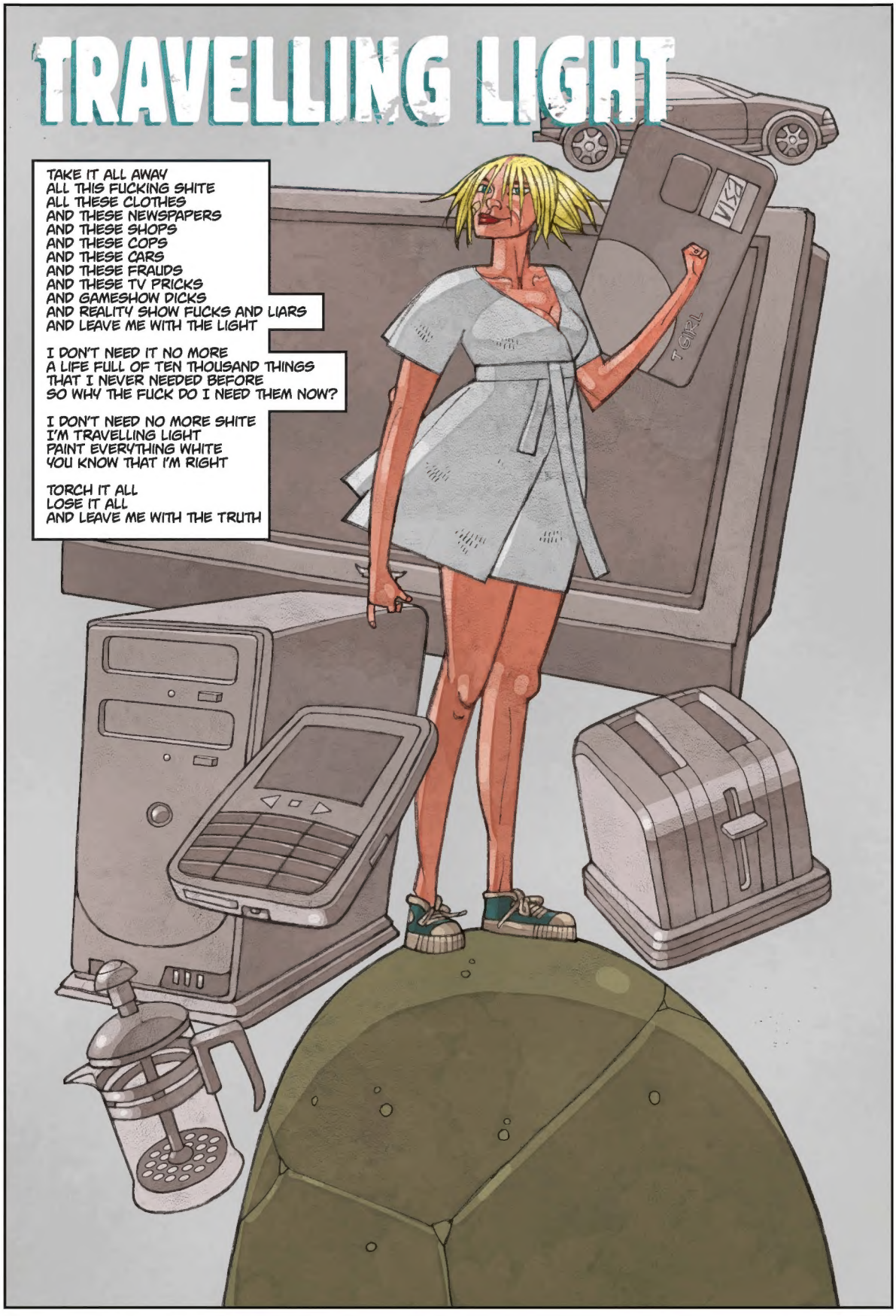
GO AND WAIT IN THAT HOUSE OVER THERE.
I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE.
WHAT THE FUCK?! DO AS I TELL YOU, BITCH. OR I'LL HAVE MY MEN PEEL YOU ALIVE, JUST LIKE THIS LITTLE GRAPE HERE.
HMMM...I'M GONNA GIVE YOU ONE WARNING, GRAPE SKINNER - LEAVE TOWN RIGHT NOW AND NEVER RETURN, OR STICK AROUND AND BE TURNED INTO FERTILIZER.
WHAT?! FUCK YOU! GET YOUR TITS OUT!
CONTAIN YOURSELF, MAN. THAT'S ENOUGH OF YOUR BULLSHIT...
TEAM!!
DON'T LET THEM PASS. WE'RE PROTECTING WOMEN AND CHILDREN HERE...SO IF YOU HAVE TO - MULCH THE MORONS!
OKAY, GRAPEY-BOY, MAKE YOUR MOVE. AND DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU.
STITCH THIS!
SWIPEY

READY TEAM... POWER-PUSH!
GO!
HUUUUH!!!
SHIIIIIT!!
HOW THE HELL...?!
WARRRRGH!!
NOOOOOO!!
BARNEY! QUICK! GET THE GUY IN THE STUPID HAT!
HE'S MINE!

HUP! HUP! HUP!
SHEE-IT!
HUP!!
TWAT
EXCELLENT. I HAVE TAUGHT YOU WELL, YOUNG BARNEY.
NOW WATCH THIS!
ACK!
SLAM-DUNKIN'!
AHH! PLEASE! NO!
ACME DUNG MIXER
FLICKY
CLICKY


NARRRRRRGHHHH!!
HA. THAT'LL TEACH HIM TO MINCE WITH ME.
THAT'S RIGHT, TEAM. KEEP 'EM COMING. MASH 'EM ALL UP.
THAT'S THE LAST OF THE GANG...WHAT ABOUT THE BOSS? SHALL I FINISH HIM OFF?
URGHH...
NAH, I THINK HE'S LEARNT HIS LESSON. BESIDES, HE HASN'T GOT A GANG ANYMORE, SO WHAT'S HE GONNA DO? WITHOUT THEM HE'S NOTHING BUT AN INEFFECTUAL LITTLE BULLYBOY.
WE SHOULD LET HIM LIVE SO THAT HE CAN GO AND WARN OTHERS AND ALL THAT SHIT.
YOU'RE A LUCKY MAN, GRAPE. YOU SHOULD THANK THESE PEOPLE FOR SPARING YOU.
YEAH... RIGHT...CHEERS... THANKS A LOT.
DO YOU WANT THE SILLY-HAT GUY'S HEAD AS A SOUVENIR?
UH? I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE IN MY LIFE. HE'S NOT ONE OF OURS.
AND HE'S NOTHING TO DO WITH DUNGTOWN EITHER.
SO WHO THE HELL IS HE...I MEAN...WHO THE HELL WAS HE?
THERE'S SOMETHING VERY FISHY GOING ON HERE...


HERE'S YOUR GANG, DUDE. I RECOMMEND THAT YOU SPREAD THEM EVENLY AROUND YOUR ROSES AND WATER TWICE WEEKLY.
YAY TANK GIRL!
YIPPEE! SHE SAVED OUR SORRY ARSES!
THANK YOU, TANK GIRL. YOU AND YOUR TEAM HAVE SHOWN US A NEW WAY AHEAD. WE ARE NO LONGER AFRAID TO STAND UP FOR OURSELVES AND WHAT WE BELIEVE IN...AND TO FIGHT FOR OUR RIGHT TO MAKE DUNG.
THESE PEOPLE BEHIND ME HERE WOULD BE PROUD TO FOLLOW YOU AND LEARN THE WAYS OF CARIOCA.
WE LOVE YOU!
SKILLY-PANTS!
IT WOULD BE AN HONOUR TO HAVE YOU ALL ON BOARD. TOMORROW WE WILL LEAVE THIS PLACE AND TRAVEL OUT INTO THE WILDERNESS ONCE MORE.
SO ANYONE WHO WANTS TO COME ALONG - SAY GOOD-BYE TO YOUR LOVED ONES, GET YOUR SHIT TOGETHER, AND BE READY TO MOVE OUT AT SUNRISE.
COME ON, SUNRISE, BRING IN THE MORNING. AND UNIVERSE...THROW EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT AT ME. I MAY'VE HAD THE WIND KNOCKED OUT OF ME, BUT I'M REGAINING STRENGTH BY THE DAY. AND SOON NOTHING WILL STOP MY AWESOME HEALING, HELPFUL, FRIENDLY POWERS!
THE BASTARDS DON'T FUCKING DESERVE YOU, I TELL YA.


TRAVELLING LIGHT
TAKE IT ALL AWAY
ALL THIS FUCKING SHITE
ALL THESE CLOTHES
AND THESE NEWSPAPERS
AND THESE SHOPS
AND THESE COPS
AND THESE CARS
AND THESE FRAUDS
AND THESE TV PRICKS
AND GAMESHOW DICKS
AND REALITY SHOW FUCKS AND LIARS
AND LEAVE ME WITH THE LIGHT
I DON'T NEED IT NO MORE
A LIFE FULL OF TEN THOUSAND THINGS
THAT I NEVER NEEDED BEFORE
SO WHY THE FUCK DO I NEED THEM NOW?
I DON'T NEED NO MORE SHITE
I'M TRAVELLING LIGHT
PAINT EVERYTHING WHITE
YOU KNOW THAT I'M RIGHT
TORCH IT ALL
LOSE IT ALL
AND LEAVE ME WITH THE TRUTH
VISA
T GIRL

THE CARIOCA CODE

DO YOU REMEMBER THE NIGHT
WHEN IT ALL MADE PERFECT SENSE
AND EVERYONE WAS IN LOVE
WITH EVERYONE ELSE
AND THE LIGHT SHONE DOWN
FROM THE TINY STAGE
ONTO THE STICKY DANCE FLOOR
WHERE WE STOMPED
AND KISSED
AND PERSPIRED
AND BEERS WERE TWO FOR ONE
ALL FOR ONE
AND ONE FOR ALL
IN THE CLUB CALLED CARIOCA
AND WE ALL ROLLED HOME
AFTER SWINGING IN THE PARK
AND CLIMBING ON THE PIER
AND WE SLEPT IN A HEAP
UNDER A CURTAIN AND QUILT
AND YOU GOT UP AT SIX
TO GO AND STEAL A PINT OF MILK

DO YOU REMEMBER THE NIGHT?

WELL HERE IT COMES AGAIN
I'VE CAPTURED IT IN A BOTTLE

IT'S THE ONLY RELIGION I CAN CLING TO
IT FILLS MY EMPTY HEART
AND I INTEND TO FILL THE WORLD
WITH THE BEAUTY OF THAT NIGHT